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THE LAND *of*
LIVING COLOR



THE LAND *of* LIVING COLOR

A Pictorial Journey from the
Storied Southwest through the
Gardens and Missions and Scenic
Splendor of the Pacific Coast Coun-
try to the Eternal Snows of Alaska



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A PAINTING THAT HAS NO PEER

From a painting by Thomas Moran

MYSTERY AND MAJESTY ARE BLENDED IN THIS SUPREME HANDIWORK OF NATURE, THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN ARIZONA. A SPECTACLE OF UNFORGETTABLE BEAUTY, OF INEXPRESSIBLE GRANDEUR, IT ENCHANTS THE BEHOLDER WITH ITS MIRAGE OF IRIDESCENT COLORS, ITS ATMOSPHERIC SEAS OF SHIMMERING, PRISMATIC LIGHT. THE STILLNESS OF THE ABYSS OF TIME DWELLS IN ITS DEPTHS, THE BRILLIANCY OF THE BOREALIS CROWNS ITS HEIGHTS, THE SOFT FIRE OF THE OPAL FLAMES FROM ITS HEART



TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD

From a painting copyrighted by J. H. Sharp

STRANGELY IN CONTRAST WITH THE CIVILIZATION STEADILY CLOSING IN UPON THE COUNTRIES OF THE WEST ONCE CLAIMED BY THE RED MAN, ARE THE CRUDE BEDS IN LONELY PLACES WHERE HIS BONES ARE LEFT TO BLEACH. DURING RECENT YEARS THE INDIANS ON THE VARIOUS RESERVATIONS HAVE RELUCTANTLY ADOPTED THE WHITE MAN'S MANNER OF BURIAL, AND IT IS SELDOM THAT THE EYE OF THE CAMERA OR THE EASEL OF THE PAINTER HAS THE PRIVILEGE OF PICTURING THE SCENE

The SPIRIT *of the* WEST

IT'S only four hours from Seattle or Tacoma to virgin forests, eternal snows, to one of the world's greatest glacial systems on Mt. Rainier. It's only two hours from the oranges and olives of Los Angeles to the soughing pines on the crest of the Sierra Madre, six thousand feet above the sea. It's only eight miles by motor from Tucson to a Mission church three centuries old, around which Indian neophytes grind their corn, weave their blankets and till their fields as they did in the days of the Spanish *conquistadores*. It's only a day's motor boat ride from Seattle, less than that from Vancouver, to the towering, pine-clad mountain walls and roaring waterfalls of Princess Louise Inlet, one of a thousand fjords that indent the rugged coast clear to the bluish glaciers of Alaska's northern latitude. It's only a two-hour drive from the Pullman berth to the mystic ruins of Casa Grande in Arizona. It's only a day's run on clean, comfortable steamers to the calm surface of Hood's Canal, to the islands of the San Juan group at the end of the Strait of Juan de Fuca where the white cone of Mt. Baker stands guard at the edge of blue water. Yet there are few, very few men and women even in the Far West who have with their own eyes seen more than two or three of these most readily accessible beauty spots of the Pacific Coast.

For more than fifty years the gigantic cliffs, the splendid waterfalls and perfumed meadows of the Yosemite Valley have been known to all the world; thousands of Europeans have traveled half around the world to see El Capitan, to watch the green flood leap over the brink of Yosemite Point. Yet in the last decade only a quarter million people, less than one-fourth of one per cent of the country's population, have steeped their souls in Yosemite's peace. The Grand Canyon of Arizona is one of the seven wonders of the world; Europe and Australia know its dimensions, the incredible play of vivid colors on its perpendicular walls, yet how many men and women are there, East or West, who bent their knees in spirit on the brink of the titanic chasm?

The national parks, the beauty spots within sight almost of the great cities, the main routes of travel constitute, however, only an infinitesimal fraction of the worth-while things to be seen—and loved—beyond the Rockies. One could travel by motor and saddle for a decade without seeing half of what is to be seen. The mystic cities of Taos and Walpi in the Painted Desert of Arizona, the rock dwellings of the forgotten race in New Mexico and southern Colorado, the picturesque Mexican settlements along the border, the marvels of the wild flowers in the desert after the spring rains, the natural bridges, the carved canyon of the Rio Virgen in southern Utah, the trails through the Mogollons, over the Kaibab plateau, into the alpine region of the High Sierras are all closed to the average man limited in time and funds. Nor can he scale the great peaks of the Cascade, of the Coast Range and the wild Olympics in the Pacific Northwest; the salmon streams brawling through the unexplored woods of Vancouver Island, the cobalt blue sheen of Crater Lake, the roar of the green Snake where it leaps down Shoshone Falls between perpendicular walls of black lava, the mountain lakes of the Bitter Roots must remain unknown to the majority of Americans.

On the following pages, therefore, begins a pictorial pilgrimage through the national playground of North America. Step by step the brush of great artists, the camera of the best landscape photographers, their products



SPRIT CANYON, NEW MEXICO

From the painting by Maynard Dixon

THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST HOLDS WHAT IS PROBABLY THE WORLD'S MOST SPLENDID SOLITUDE. OTHER DESERTS THERE ARE AND OTHER MAJESTIC AISLES OF LIVING ROCK BUT HERE THE COLORS SEEM TO HAVE BEEN SPILLED FROM THE MELTING POT OF THE SUNSET. AND THERE ARE OTHER SILENCES AS VAST, BUT FROM THIS GORGEOUS REGION A CIVILIZATION, HIGHLY DEVELOPED, HAS VANISHED UTTERLY, GONE UNEXPLAINED INTO OBLIVION

sympathetically interpreted by the restoration of the natural tints, guide the reader through God's own country, the Land of Living Color. Beginning with the white walls, the flaming hues and broad spaces of the Southwest, the journey proceeds leisurely through New Mexico and Arizona to the land of the orange in southern California where half the footloose world basks in the gentle sun, motors, plays polo and sheds a glinting stream of silver tips in its passing. Over the ancient Camino Real, the King's Highway laid out by the padres, the pilgrimage goes on past the scenes of the tragic idyl of the Franciscan Missions that imparted the flavor of Old-World romance to the land of gold. Through the city of the Argonauts, still vibrant with the reckless spirit of the greatest gold rush the world has ever seen, the pictorial journey proceeds to the Range of Light, the Sierra Nevada, and returns to take the pilgrim through the aisles of the redwood forests, past the ominous cloud over the American Vesuvius into Oregon, to Portland and the West's historic river, the mighty Columbia on whose bosom Lewis and Clark were carried to the Pacific a century ago.

Onward, northward the journey goes, to the blue waters and evergreen forests of Puget Sound, to the alpine heights of the country's most beautiful mountain, Rainier-Tacoma. Ever northward lead brush and palette, to the bit of Old England on the Pacific, to Victoria the charming, to Vancouver City on Burrard Inlet, to the wilds of Vancouver Island, up the calm stretch of the Inside Passage to the glaciers in the Land of the Midnight Sun.

It is a long journey from the broad-rimmed sombreros of the southern border to the furs and totem poles of the Far North, but it is never wearisome. Nowhere else along a similar stretch are there to be found greater variety, more natural beauty, wider contrasts and finer harmonies. From Mexico to the home of the fierce Kodiak bears lies the region of superlatives. In it are to be found the highest mountains, the lowest depressions, the hottest, the driest and the wettest spots in the country; it contains the oldest, tallest, largest trees, the highest cliffs and waterfalls, the deepest chasms, the densest forests in all the world. Though it is the youngest part of the youngest among the great nations, its monuments and relics reach back beyond man's vision into the prehistoric past. Spaniard and Britain and Russian left the imprint of their occupation on its shores; the romance of its golden treasure has found its way into the literature of all peoples. It is a region worth seeing, worth living in, building up. To those who cannot as yet look upon this favored country itself, the pictured scenes afford at least a gleam of its many charms.

Perhaps it may be objected that mountains and peaks have been unduly emphasized in the selection of the scenes. This objection does not hold true. Its mountains are the outstanding characteristic of the Great West. The dark wall of the ranges is everywhere uplifted sharply against the blue sky. From Nome to San Diego and El Paso there is not a town, not a hamlet, not a lonely farm house in the wide, wide valleys which does not gain in beauty, peace and dignity from the silent majesty of the great hills, far and near. To the traveler on the shimmering desert the distant wide peaks hold out promise of comfort and relief; from beneath his fig tree and his vine the poorest may watch the miracle of the alpenglow at eventide. Never for an instant does the wanderer lose sight of the high places; they are the dominant feature of the Western landscape. Be they the weird, fantastic crags of the desert, hand-carved and painted in livid tints by the impish goblins of the burnt waste; be they the smooth, billowy hills of the Coast Range, the serrated line of the Rockies; be they covered with the glowing columns of the redwood, with the dense ranks of the Douglas fir or the dark foliage of the cedar; be they naked or clad with the unchanging gray-green of scented chaparral, in some form, in one of their many aspects the mountains are always with the pilgrims, guiding, comforting them with their calm strength.



A STAIRWAY AT WALPI

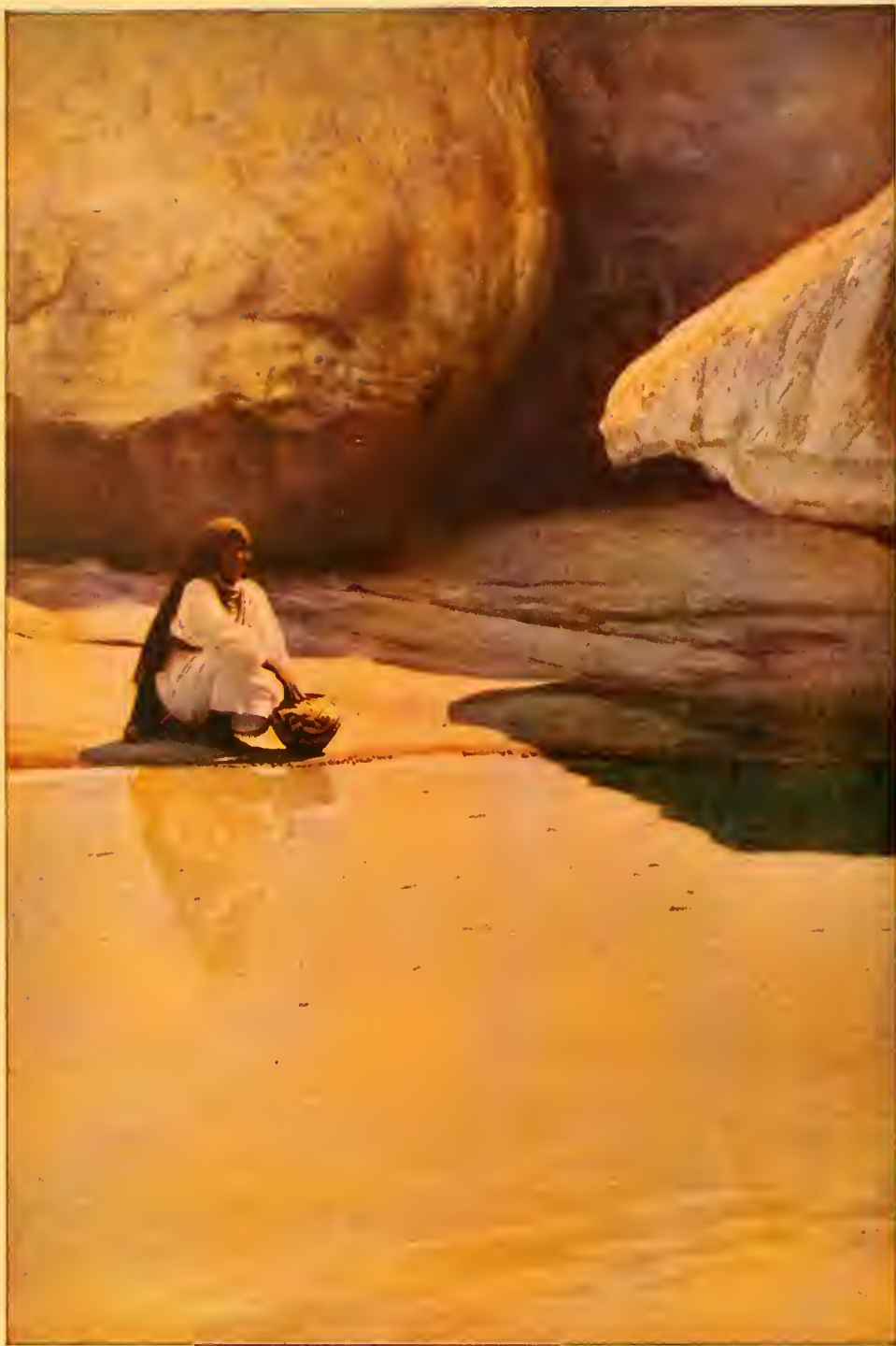
Copyright by Fred Harvey

WALPI IS ONE OF THE ANCIENT HOPI INDIAN VILLAGES OF THE PAINTED DESERT, IN ARIZONA. HERE ARE HELD ELABORATE SNAKE DANCES. IN THESE VILLAGES A PORTION OF THE ROOF OF ONE HOUSE FORMS A TERRACE BEFORE THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE ABOVE IT, REACHED BY LADDERS AND STEPS NOTCHED IN THE DIVIDING WALLS. THE HOPI ARE SUCCESSORS OF THE MYSTERIOUS VANISHED PEOPLES OF THE CLIFFS AND CAVES



THE LAST OF THE ARIZONA MISSIONS

THE MISSION OF SAN XAVIER DEL BAC IS THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THAT CHAIN OF CHURCHES WHICH THE FRIARS OF THE SPANISH ORDERS STRETCHED ACROSS ARIZONA THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. IT STANDS WHITE AND SOLITARY AND LOVELY, IN THE SHADOW OF THE SANTA RITA MOUNTAINS, ABOUT SIX MILES FROM TUCSON. DAILY SERVICES ARE HELD HERE AND THE NUNS CONDUCT A SCHOOL FOR INDIAN CHILDREN



AT THE WELL OF ACOMA

Copyright by Fred Harvey

THE ANCIENT HOPI PUEBLO OF ACOMA HAS THE DISTINCTION OF BEING THE OLDEST CONTINUOUSLY INHABITED TOWN IN THE UNITED STATES. ITS AGE IS UNKNOWN. ACOMA IS A FEMINIST COMMUNITY, FOR HERE THROUGH UNRECKONED YEARS THE WOMEN HAVE BEEN ABSOLUTE OWNERS OF THEIR HOUSES AND RULERS OF THE LIFE WITHIN THEM. A MAN TAKES THE NAME OF THE WOMAN HE MARRIES AND SHE MAY PUT HIM OUT OF HER HOUSE IF SHE SO DESIRES



JUST ACROSS THE LINE IN MEXICO

AT THE CITY OF EL PASO, IN TEXAS, AN ELECTRIC STREET CAR TAKES ONE IN FIVE MINUTES FOR FIVE CENTS INTO THE ACTUAL ATMOSPHERE OF OLD MEXICO. THE HISTORIC TOWN OF JUAREZ, ALMOST A PART OF THE TEXAN CITY SO CLOSELY ARE THEY JOINED, IS AS FOREIGN AS THOUGH AN OCEAN LAY BETWEEN. HERE MARKET-PLACE AND CHURCH AND BULLEIGHT ARENA ARE SIGNBOARDS IN THE LAND OF MANANA MADE VOCAL WITH THE SOFT SPEECH OF A SOUTHERN TONGUE.



A DESERT DAWN IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

Copyright by Fred Harsey

THE LANDSCAPE IS A KALEIDOSCOPE OF COLOR, BLACK ROCKS AGAINST ORANGE SAND WITH SPLASHES OF GRAY-GREEN VEGETATION, AMETHYSTINE MOUNTAINS, AND OVER IT ALL A GLOWING TURQUOISE SKY. THE CLOUD MASSES THAT FLOAT ABOVE THIS DESERT ARE OF EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY AND, TOUCHED BY THE MAGIC BRUSH OF DAWN OR SUNSET, THE EFFECTS ARE INDSCRIBABLE. A CAVALCADE OF BRIGHTLY DRESSED INDIANS COMPLETES THE PAINTING



A DESERT THAT HAS BEEN REDEEMED

THE IMPERIAL VALLEY IN CALIFORNIA OFFERS, PERHAPS, THE GREATEST ROMANCE OF THE ROMANTIC WEST. FOR HERE, HARDLY MORE THAN A DECADE AGO, WAS A DESERT, DESOLATE, ARID, APPARENTLY HOPELESS, ACROSS WHICH MEN PACKED PRECIOUS DRINKING WATER ON THEIR QUESTS FOR GOLD IN THE VALLEY'S MOUNTAIN RIM. TODAY THE IMPERIAL VALLEY, WITH ITS SEVEN HUNDRED MILES OF CANALS, IS THE GREATEST BODY OF IRRIGATED LAND IN THE WORLD



A WINTER LANDSCAPE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IS A NARROW STRIP OF ENCHANTED COUNTRY BETWEEN THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS AND THE PACIFIC OCEAN. IN WINTER THE CRESTS OF THIS RANGE ARE WHITE WITH SEASONABLE SNOWS BUT THE TRADITIONAL FLOWERY GREEN OF SPRINGTIME REACHES TOWARD THEM FROM THE BALMY VALLEY WHERE MILES ON MILES OF ORANGE GROVES SWING THEIR CENSERS OF WAXEN FRAGRANCE FROM BRANCHES LADEN WITH GLOBES OF GOLD



AT THE SHRINE OF THE PARENT TREE

IN THE PATIO OF THE MISSION INN, AT RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, STANDS A CHERISHED VALUED REPLIC, HALE AND HEARTY, STILL BEARING FRUIT INSIDE THE HIGH IRON RAILING THAT PROTECTS IT FROM THE KNIVES OF THE SOUVENIR HUNTERS. IT DESERVES ALL THE HONORS SHOWERED UPON IT, FOR FROM THIS TREE AND ITS TWIN SPRANG, BY THE PROCESS OF GRAFTING THEIR BUDS UPON OTHER STOCK, ALL THE NAVEL ORANGE TREES IN CALIFORNIA



GARDENS OF GOLD

WITHIN THE SPAN OF HALF A HUMAN LIFE THE NAVEL ORANGE OF CALIFORNIA HAS BROUGHT A MIRACLE, BUILDING A DOZEN CITIES ON THE PASTURES OF THE VANISHED LONGBORN AND PRACTICALLY BRINGING ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD COIN TO THE FAIR LAND BEAUTIFIED BY ITS ORCHARDS. THE ORANGE BELT IS A GARDEN ON A GIGANTIC SCALE—A THIRTY-MILLION-DOLLAR GARDEN. WHILE THE MOUNTAIN SNOWS ARE MELTING INTO RIVERS THE BLOSSOMING TREES ARE PREPARING THEIR HARVEST OF GOLD



A PERGOLA IN PASADENA

THE FORMAL TYPE OF GARDEN HAS FOUND SPECIAL FAVOR WITH THE MEN WHOSE MILLIONS MAINTAIN THE PRESTIGE OF PASADENA AS CALIFORNIA'S WEALTHIEST COMMUNITY. ITALIAN SETTINGS ARE IN HARMONY WITH A CLIMATE LIKE ITALY'S OWN. THE DWELLER IN PASADENA'S ENCHANTED REGION IS STEEPED IN PERFUME, WITH MOONLIGHT FLOODING THE PALACES, AND MOCKING-BIRDS SINGING IN THE ORANGE-SCENTED MIDNIGHT



THE SERRA CROSS ON RUBIDOUX

AN EASTER SUNRISE RITE OF UNIQUE INTEREST IS THE PILGRIMAGE TO MOUNT RUBIDOUX, OVERLOOKING RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA. THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN OF VARYING FAITHS RISE BEFORE DAWN TO OFFER THEIR DEVOTIONS OF THE DAY AT THE FOOT OF THE PLAIN WOODEN CROSS ERECTED TO PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA, GENTLEST OF MEN AND PROFOUNDTEST OF ZEALOTS IN THE SERVICE OF SPAIN'S KING. THE EMBLEM SYMBOLIZES THE SIMPLE SEVERITY OF SERRA'S LIFE



A TRIP TO THE SKY

SIX THOUSAND FEET FROM SEA-LEVEL ONE MAY VIEW A MARVELOUS MAP WITH A BIRDMAN'S PERSPECTIVE AND WITHOUT A BIRDMAN'S DANGER. THE JAUNT TO MT. LOWE OBSERVATORY BY ELECTRIC LINE IS A MAXIMUM OF ENJOYMENT WITH A MINIMUM OF EFFORT. AT THE SUMMIT THE VISION BROADENS TO THE BLUE PACIFIC, WITH GREEN ORCHARDS, GLINTING RESERVOIRS AND UNDULATING FOOTHILLS BETWEEN, AND, ON A CLEAR DAY, A GLIMPSE OF DISTANT ISLANDS



A TOURNEY OF WINTER KNIGHTS

POLO AT CORONADO, ON SAN DIEGO BAY, IS OF INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE IN JANUARY, THE TURF THERE BEING THE YEARLY RENDEZ-VOUS OF FAMOUS PLAYERS. IN THE BRILLIANT WINTER SEASON THE AGILE PONIES WHEEL AND THE AIRY FLAGS FLUTTER BEFORE LOVERS OF OUTDOOR SPORTS WHO REJOICE IN WEATHER THAT KNOWS NO WINTER WORTHY THAT HARSH NAME. AN EXPENSIVE AND THEREFORE ARISTOCRATIC PASTIME, POLO RETAINS ITS CHARM AS "THE SPORT OF KINGS"



THE SANDS OF SUMMER-TIME

FROM THE SAN DIEGO SHORE TO THE FORESTED EDGE OF VANCOUVER ISLAND SURF-BATHING AND CLAM-BAKES ON THE BEACHES OF THE SETTING SUN CEASE ONLY FOR THE SHORT-LIVED WINTER RAINS. VACATION MONTHS MARK THE HEIGHT OF THE HEGIRA FROM THE INTERIOR, FOR THE MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY FOLK LOVE THE LEAGUES OF SPARKLING SEA IN EXCHANGE FOR THEIR DAILY VISTAS OF LANDSCAPE AND HARVEST HORIZONS



UNWRITTEN MUSIC

AMONG THE TWENTY-ONE MISSIONS WHOSE BELLS CHIMED FOR WAYFARERS ALONG EL CAMINO REAL AND CHEERED THE SANDALED FRIARS ON THEIR WAY, NONE HAD A CAMPANILE QUITE AS BEAUTIFUL AS THE MISSION SAN GABRIEL NEAR LOS ANGELES. PERHAPS NO OTHER STRUCTURAL DETAIL SURVIVING THE MISSION PERIOD HAS HAD SO MUCH ARCHITECTURAL INFLUENCE IN THE FAR WEST AS THIS CAMPANILE, EMBODIMENT OF GRACE AND DIGNITY



IN EASTLAKE PARK, LOS ANGELES

THE CITY PARKS OF CALIFORNIA MIGHT WELL DISPLAY THE SIGN "WINTER NOT ADMITTED." WHEN SNOW LIES DEEP UPON THE PUBLIC GARDENS OF THE ATLANTIC COAST THE LAWNS OF CALIFORNIA ARE FLOWER-DECKED AND "EVERGREENS" INCLUDE THE SUBTROPICAL FOLIAGE OF EUCALYPTUS AND PALM. CHILDREN ARE AT PLAY IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF SPRING WHEN EASTERN RECREATION GROUNDS ARE BUT FROZEN STRONGHOLDS OF OLD KING COLD



AMONG THE TORREY PINES

THESE TREES NEAR DEL MAR, CALIFORNIA, GROW NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD—FIVE NEEDED PINES IN PICTURESQUE OUTLINE AGAINST THE SUNSET SEA. AT SUCH A POINT AS THIS PADRE JUNIPERO SERRA, FOUNDER OF THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS, RESTED ON HIS PILGRIMAGES ALONG THE COAST. THE MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY IS NEARBY, THIRTY-FIVE MILES NORTH OF SAN DIEGO, WHERE THE FIRST MISSION WAS FOUNDED IN 1769



THE GENTLE HARBOR OF AVALON

AVALON IS ON THE LEE SHORE OF CATALINA ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. FROM THE ROADS OF THE MOUNTAINOUS ISLAND, THE WILD GOAT MAY BE SEEN IN DIZZY ACTION; THE LEAPING TUNA CHALLENGES THE AMBITIOUS FISHERMAN TO STRENUOUS BATTLE ON THE SUNNY PACIFIC. FOR MILDER SPIRITS, CONTENT TO GAZE THROUGH GLASS BOTTOM BOATS, CATALINA PROVIDES MARINE GARDENS OF MATCHLESS BEAUTY



AT MISSION SAN LUIS REY

THE ROAD CONNECTING THE CALIFORNIA MISSIONS, WHERE ONCE THE ZEALOUS PADRES TRAVELED LABORIOUSLY A DAY'S JOURNEY BETWEEN EACH HOSPITABLE REFUGE, HAS NOW BEEN MADE A MODERN AUTO HIGHWAY. A CONSTANTLY INCREASING STREAM OF MOTORISTS FLOWS BY THE RUDE PORTALS OF THESE CALIFORNIA CATHEDRALS. SAN LUIS REY HAS BEEN LARGELY RESTORED THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF A DEVOTED PRIEST



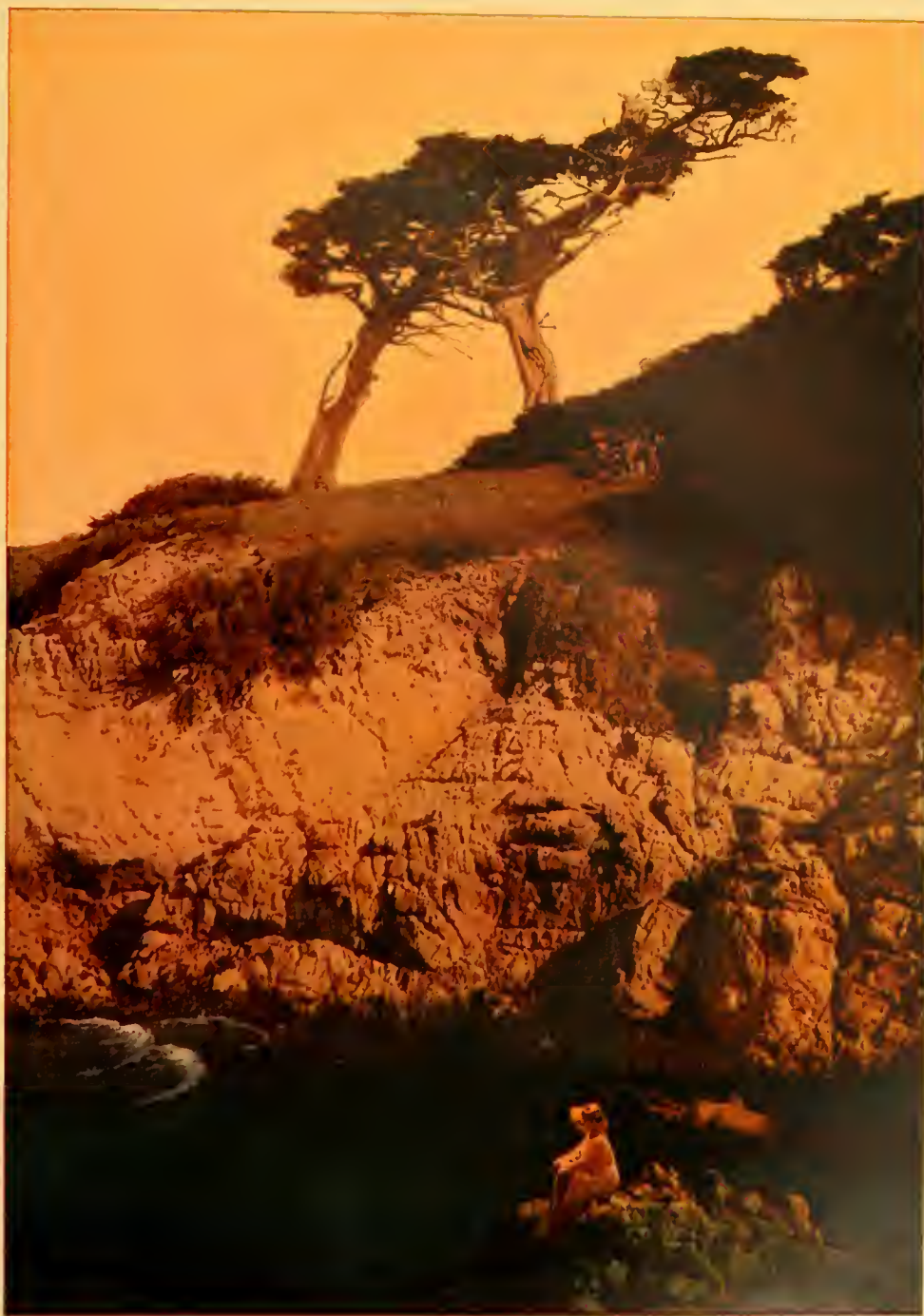
THE MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO

THE SATINY HIGHWAY GLEAMS UNDER THE LIGHT FROM AUTO-LAMPS WHERE THE MODERN PILGRIM SPEEDS, EVEN AT NIGHT, OVER THE HISTORIC DAY-PATH OF THE PADRES. BUT UPON THE ONCE MAGNIFICENT PORTAL OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO IN THE LITTLE VALLEY THAT OPENS TO THE SOUTHERN SEA STREAMS THE TENDER MOONLIGHT, AS OF OLD, AND THE ROMANCE OF THE PAST SEEMS TO WALK AGAIN IN THE RUINED MISSION



THE "FORBIDDEN GARDEN" OF SANTA BARBARA

NO CORNER OF THE QUAINT MISSIONS IS MORE INTERESTING TO WOMEN THAN THIS PEACEFUL GARDEN OF THE PADRES IN WHICH NO DAUGHTER OF EVE MAY SET HER FOOT, THOUGH SHE MAY GAZE INTO IT FROM THE SAFE DISTANCE OF THE BELL TOWER. SANTA BARBARA, MORE THAN ANY OF THE MISSIONS, RETAINS THE PROSPEROUS ACTIVITY OF THE EARLY DAYS, THOUGH THERE IS NO ABORIGINAL FLOCK FOR THE BROWN-ROBED FRIARS TO TEND



ON THE CLIFFS OF MONTEREY

"THE OSTRICH" IS CREATED BY THE MERGING OF THE TOP BRANCHES OF TWO MONTEREY CYPRESS TREES. ONLY ON THE
 EXTREMITIES OF THE TWO RUGGED POINTS FORMING CARMEL BAY, NEAR MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, IS THIS SCIENTIFIC SPECIES,
 BELIEVED TO BE THE PARENT OF ALL THE VARIETIES OF CYPRESSES IN THE WORLD, FOUND IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT. THE
 FAMOUS SEVENTEEN MILE DRIVE PASSES THROUGH THIS PREHISTORIC GROVE.



THE MISSION OF SAN CARLOS DE CARMELO

WHERE A GENTLE VALLEY MEETS THE WHITE CURVE OF CARMEL BAY, NEAR CARMEL, ON THE PENINSULA OF MONTEREY, STANDS THE MISSION BEST BELOVED BY PADRE SERRA AND WHERE HE PRAYED THAT HE MIGHT LAY DOWN HIS BURDEN IN THE NEW WORLD. IF YOU CLIMB TO THE BELL TOWER AND SET THE HELL CLANGING, A DARK-EYED SENORITA WILL APPEAR FROM SOMEWHERE AND GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE CHURCH



THE SEQUOIAS OF SANTA CRUZ

THESE MAGNIFICENT TREES, OLD WHEN OUR CIVILIZATION WAS YOUNG AND FOUND ONLY IN CALIFORNIA, ARE PART OF THE WONDERFUL REDWOOD BELT OF THE COAST RANGE. THEIR GIANT BROTHERS OF THE HIGH SIERRA WEAR WINTER ROBES OF SNOW, BUT THE SEQUOIAS OF THE SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS, EASILY ACCESSIBLE BY TRAIN, REIGN IN A REAM OF PERPETUAL VERDURE AND THEIR CATHEDRAL AISLES ARE FERN-BORDERED THE YEAR ROUND



SPRINGTIME IN THE SANTA CLARA VALLEY

THOUSANDS OF TRAVELERS HAVE CROSSED THE PACIFIC TO REVEL IN THE BLOSSOMING FAIRYLAND OF JAPAN. "WHY GO ABROAD?" SHOULD BE THE SLOGAN OF THE GOOD AMERICAN ON TOUR, FOR EVERY FRUIT SECTION OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE IN SPRINGTIME IS A SEA OF BILLOWY BEAUTY, FLINGING ITS FRAGRANT FOAM OF PETALS AS FAR AS THE EYE MAY FOLLOW. EVEN THE ORIENT CANNOT RIVAL THIS MIRACLE OF THE SEASON IN THE WEST



A CORRIDOR AT STANFORD UNIVERSITY

DISTINCTLY CALIFORNIAN IS THE MISSION ARCHITECTURE OF THE MASSIVE GROUP OF BUILDINGS AT PALO ALTO DEDICATED TO EDUCATION BY THE LATE LILAND STANFORD AND MRS. STANFORD IN THE NAME OF THEIR SON, AND RANKING WITH THE GREAT UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD. CORRIDORS SURROUNDING THE VAST QUADRANGLE, TILE ROOFED, ARE ENCLOSED BY ARCHES SIMILAR TO THOSE OF THE OLD SPANISH MISSIONS



From a painting by Gordon Coulls

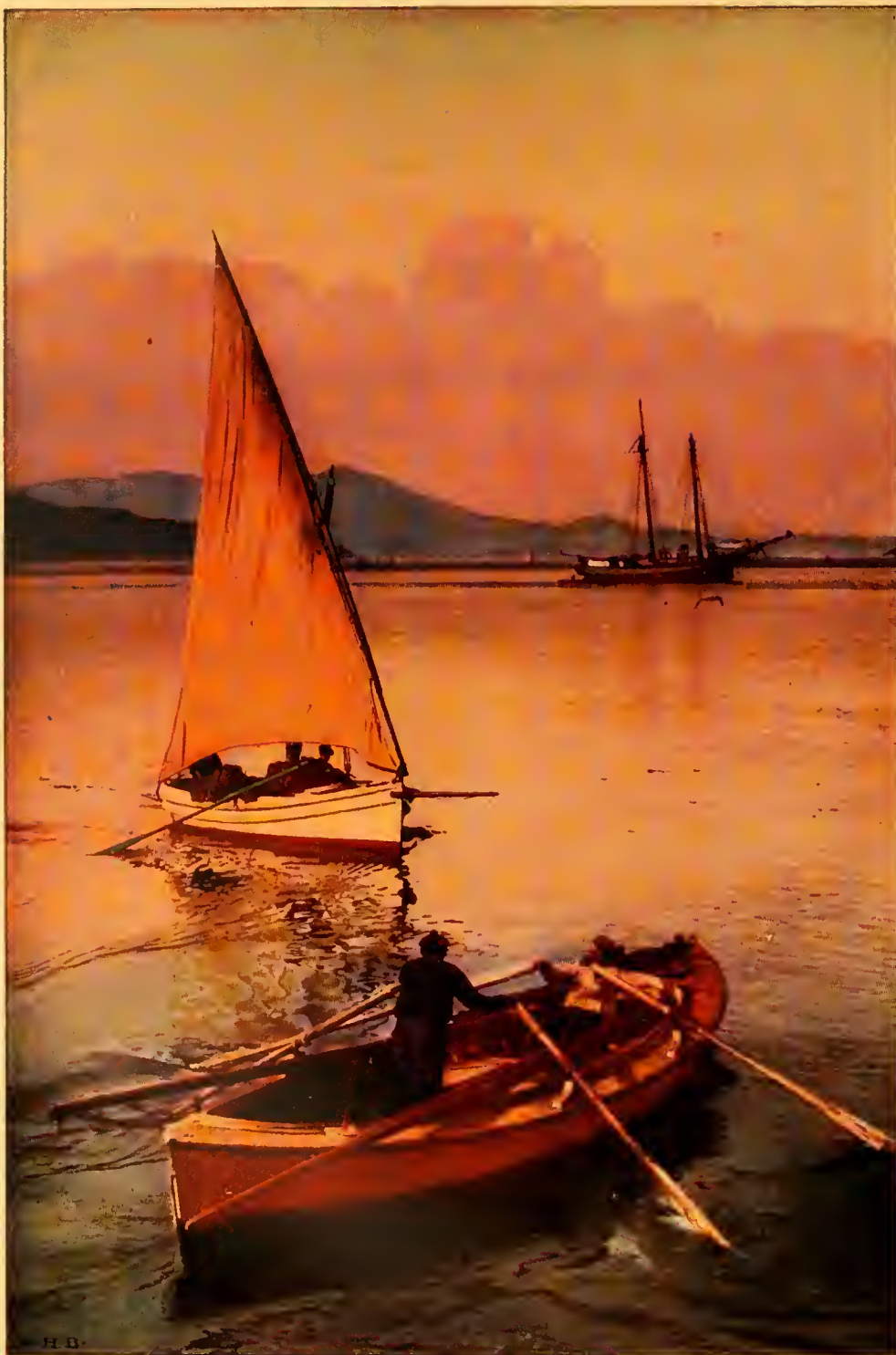
FERRY BUILDING, SAN FRANCISCO

MYRIAD LIGHTS, FLASHING FROM THE FERRY TOWER AND THE LONG LINES OF PIERS THAT FLANK IT, AND STREAMING IN PATHS OF WAVERING REFLECTED COLORS OVER THE BAY, SEND CHEERY SIGNALS OF WELCOME TO THOSE WHO FACE THE CITY ON THE DECKS OF APPROACHING FERRY BOATS. SAN FRANCISCO BY NIGHT, FROM WATERFRONT TO TWIN PEAKS, THE HIGHEST POINT ABOVE SEA LEVEL, IS A SCINTILLATING PICTURE AGAINST A SERRATED BACKGROUND OF HILLS



A LAKE IN GOLDEN GATE PARK

A THOUSAND ACRES OF WOODLAND BEAUTY IS SAN FRANCISCO'S WESTERN PATHWAY TO THE PACIFIC. ONCE A WASTE OF SHIFTING SAND, THESE DUNES HAVE YIELDED A RICH REWARD OF LOVELINESS. MIRRORED HERE IS "PORTALS OF THE PAST," A RELIC OF THE FIRE OF 1906, THE CLASSIC ENTRANCE TO A HOME ON HISTORIC NOB HILL. THESE COLUMNS SEEM TO TYPIFY THE IDEALS OF THE FINE NEW CITY THAT ROSE ABOVE THE ASHES OF THE OLD. SAN FRANCISCO'S CLIMATE MAKES POSSIBLE WEEKLY OPEN-AIR BAND CONCERTS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR



FISHING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY

WHETHER HIS NETS ARE CAST WITHIN THE HARBOR OR OUTSIDE "THE HEADS," THE LATIN SEES TO IT THAT SAN FRANCISCO MAINTAINS ITS REPUTATION AS THE BEST FISH-FED PORT IN THE WORLD. THE PICTURESQUENESS OF THE LOCAL PISCATORY TRADE IS GIVING WAY TO PROGRESS, HOWEVER, A FACT DEPLORED BY MARINE ARTISTS, FOR THE ITALIAN FISHER-FOLK ARE GRADUALLY DISCARDING THEIR LATEEN SAIL BOATS FOR THE GASOLINE LAUNCH OF COMMERCE



FLOWER VENDORS OF SAN FRANCISCO

A GAY CITY, SOMETIMES A GRAY CITY, GUARDS THE GOLDEN GATE. — LIKE A GODDESS DRAPED IN SEA MISTS, EVEN ON SUN-HIDDEN DAYS SHE GARLANDS HERSELF WITH THE GORGEOUS PRODUCTS OF HER BAY GARDENS, AND THE FABRIC OF HER FOG GARMENTS IS ADORNED WITH THE GREEN OF HER HEDGES AND THE GOLD OF HER POPPY-CLAD HILLS. — FLOWER STANDS ENLIVEN HER STREET THE YEAR-ROUND WITH THEIR TEMPTING GROUPS OF BONNIE BLOSSOMS.



YACHTING IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY

PLEASURE CRAFT OF EVERY SORT RIDE THE WATERS WITHIN THE GOLDEN GATE, THEIR COURSE NORTH OR SOUTH OF ALCATRAZ DETERMINED BY THE TIDES. YACHTS ARE HARBORED OFF SAUSALITO AND IN THE SHELTER OF BELVEDERE COVE ON THE MARIN COUNTY SHORE. THE BEST-BUILT BOATS IN THE WORLD HAVE RACED FOR INTERNATIONAL HONORS OVER THE SILVERY COURSE, AND PALATIAL YACHTS OF PRIVATE OWNERSHIP HAVE ANCHORED HERE FROM MANY DISTANT PORTS

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A HUNDRED MILES OF REDWOODS

MOTORING THROUGH THE NORTHERN COAST COUNTIES OF CALIFORNIA WAS NO PART OF GULLIVER'S ITINERARY BUT HE WHO GLIDES FOR SCORES OF LEAFY MILES THROUGH THIS GIANT'S PLAYGROUND WILL FIND HIMSELF IN A BROBDIGNAGIAN FOREST OF VERY DEFINITE REALITY. THE EVERGREEN FOLIAGE OF THE REDWOOD TREE, WHILE SO DENSE THAT DURING A RAIN ONE MAY FIND DRY SHELTER BENEATH, DOES NOT EXCLUDE THE SUN'S RAYS NOR GLIMPSES OF THE SKY.



THE MUSES IN THE WEST

IN A NATURAL AMPHITHEATRE ON THE CAMPUS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT BERKELEY, ACROSS THE BAY FROM SAN FRANCISCO, IS A CONCRETE REPLICA OF THE DRAMATIC "GLORY THAT WAS GREECE." THIS PURELY CLASSIC STRUCTURE, ROOFED BY SKIES DESIGN SEATS NEARLY TEN THOUSAND UPON RISING TIERS, AND HAS FREQUENTLY BEEN CROWDED TO CAPACITY FOR IMPORTANT DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL EVENTS. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST GAVE TO THE UNIVERSITY THIS BEAUTIFUL GREEK THEATRE



IN THE HEART OF OAKLAND

LAKE MERRITT, ENCIRCLED BY BEAUTIFUL HOMES, YET WITHIN A FEW MINUTES' RIDE FROM OAKLAND'S BUSINESS CENTER, HAS FITTINGLY BEEN TERMED "THE MIRROR OF THE THREE SEASONS," SINCE IT REFLECTS ONLY THE COLLECTIVE GLORIES OF SPRING, SUMMER AND AUTUMN IN A LAND WHERE WINTER HARSHNESS IS UNKNOWN. IN THE DISTANCE MAY BE SEEN THE TOWER OF THE CITY HALL, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CIVIC STRUCTURES IN AMERICA.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE YOSEMITE

"EL CAPITAN," MIGHTIEST AMONG ROCKS, STANDS SOLDIER-GUARD AT THE GATEWAY TO YOSEMITE (INDIAN NAME FOR GRIZZLY BEAR), HIS BOLD PROFILE ETCHED FOR THREE THOUSAND FEET AGAINST A SKY OF SUMMER SOFTNESS DURING THE LONG RAINLESS SEASON OF THE CALIFORNIA YEAR. THERE ARE NO SOMBER SHADOWS IN YOSEMITE. THE VALLEY IS FILLED WITH REFLECTED LIGHT, ILLUMINATING ITS INMOST RECESSES WITH A SERENE GLOW



MOTORING IN YOSEMITE

THE LURE OF THIS MARVELOUS REGION IS HAPPILY AUGMENTED BY THE COMFORT OF EXCELLENT ROADS. RELUCTANTLY ONE BIDS FAREWELL TO THE VIVID PICTURES UPON NATURE'S EXQUISITE CANVAS—THE LIVING PANORAMA OF THE YOSEMITE. BUT THE BIG TREES BECKON FROM THE SIERRA WITH A LURE ALL THEIR OWN. SOON THE BRIDAL VEIL WILL BE A REFRESHING MEMORY OF MILD AL WATERS, PART OF THE VALLEY'S LIQUID SYMPHONY OF SOUND.



THE PREHISTORIC GARDEN

MIGHTY IN THEIR MAJESTY ARE THE MOUNTAINS AND THE OCEANS, BUT A LIVING TREE IS MAN'S OWN KIN, IN A WAY. IT BREATHES THE AIR WITH HIM; LIKE HIM DERIVES ITS SUSTENANCE FROM THE SOIL. TO REALLY KNOW A CALIFORNIA REDWOOD, TO EXPERIENCE A THRILL OF ROYAL COMRADESHIP WITH ONE OF THESE MONARCHS, FLING YOURSELF UPON THE EARTH BENEATH A MARIPOSA BIG TREE AND GAZE SKYWARD THROUGH THE LUXURIANCE OF HIS SPREADING ARMS



SONGS IN THE SIERRA

THIS IS ONE OF THE FIVE RIVERS, FED BY THE SNOWS OF THE SIERRA NEVADA RANGE, THAT POUR THEIR FRESH WATERS INTO THE VALLEY OF THE SAN JOAQUIN, A SERIES OF NEVER-FAILING SOURCES FOR THE IRRIGATION SYSTEMS THAT SUSTAIN THIS PRODUCTIVE REGION. THE GODDESS OF THE SEASONS HAS NO FAIRER AGRICULTURAL GARDEN IN CALIFORNIA THAN THE SEVEN MILLION ACRES FED BY THESE STREAMS AND CULTIVATED BY A RAPIDLY INCREASING NUMBER OF PROSPEROUS HOME-MAKERS.



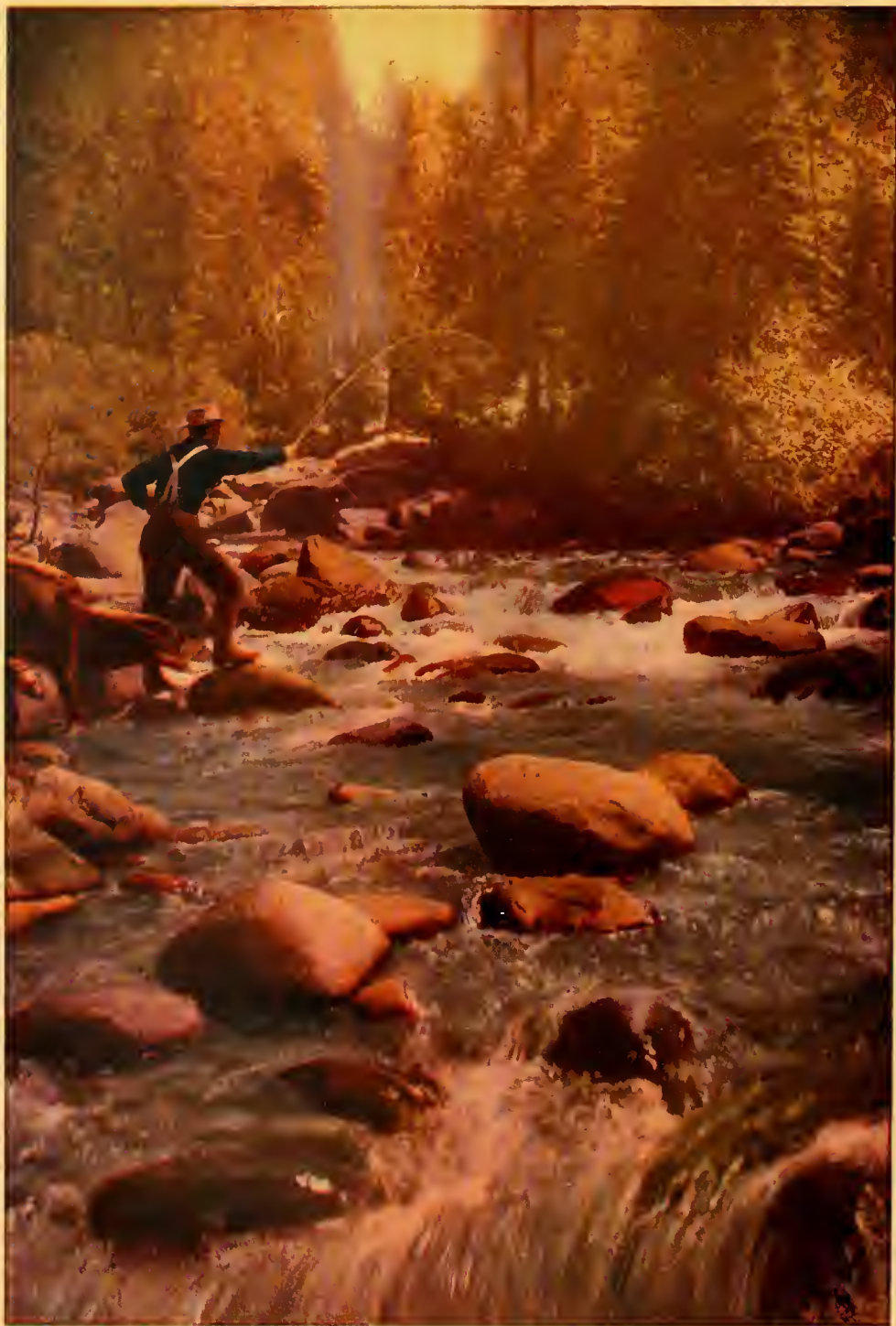
THE AMERICAN MONT BLANC

MOUNT WHITNEY, LOOMING IN THE CALIFORNIA BACKGROUND, THE HIGHEST POINT BOTH IN THE SIERRA NEVADA AND THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES, IS THE CENTER OF A ROMANTIC REGION WHOSE SUNNY PINE FORESTS AND ROCKY PROFILES ARE REFLECTED IN EMERALD LAKES. THE PLATEAUS AT ITS BASE HAVE BEEN THE MECCA OF MANY A PACK-TRAIN, BUT THE NARROW TRAIL WILL SOON WIDEN TO A MODEL MOTOR ROAD STARTING FROM BAKERSFIELD



TAHOE, "THE BIG WATER"

A LAKE OF MANY MOODS IS TAHOE OF THE INDIAN NAME. ITS UNPLUMBED DEPTHS AT HIGHER ALTITUDE THAN THE FAMOUS SWISS LAKES, AND ITS WATERS AN UNBELIEVABLE BLUE. IT IS A REGION OF RARE DELIGHT, UNRIVALLED FOR THE RIGGED SCENERY THAT SURROUNDS IT AND THE SIZE OF THE TROUT THAT LEAP WITHIN. TAHOE, GEM OF THE SIERRA, LIES ON THE CALIFORNIA NEVADA BORDER LINE



FUN ON THE FEATHER

MODERN MAGIC HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR THE BUSINESS MAN TO EXCHANGE HIS SKY-SCRAPER OFFICE FOR SUCH SYLVAN SCENES AS THIS IN THE FARTHER REACHES OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY. FROM THE SNOW-FED MOUNTAIN STREAMS AND THE LAKES THAT NESTLE IN THE HIGH SIERRA, AND THE PLENTIFUL POOLS OF THE FEATHER RIVER CANYON, THE SPORTSMAN TAKES HIS FILL. FORTUNATE SPORTSMAN! HIS ANCESTORS TREKKED HITHER BY ON TEAM INSTEAD OF MOGUL AND MOTOR



A HARP OF MANY STRINGS

MOSSBRAE FALLS IS THE NAME OF THIS LOVELY RETREAT, AND TO MT. SHASTA IT OWES ITS BEING. BUT IT IS LIKE NOT A HARP OF MANY STRINGS, AS ALL WHO HAVE HARKEN'D TO ITS TINKLING MELODY WILL AGREE. ON ITS JOYOUS RIGHT-O'-WAY THROUGH A DEN OF THICKET OF PUNGENT LEAVES AND STURDY FERNS IT JOINS THE HEADWATERS OF THE MIGHTY SACRAMENTO WHOSE MELODY IS THE IRRIGATION OF THE VAST AND FERTILE SACRAMENTO VALLEY BETWEEN THE SHASTA AND THE SEA.



A VESUVIUS IN CALIFORNIA

MOUNT LASSEN IS QUITE ALONE IN ITS GRANDEUR AS A VOLCANIC SPECTACLE, NO OTHER MOUNTAIN IN THE STATE BEING ACTIVE. INSTEAD OF MOLTEN LAVA, LASSEN SENDS FORTH DEBRIS THAT MELTS THE SNOW TO FERTILIZING STREAMS, ENRICHING THE VALLEYS BELOW. THE NEAREST APPROACH TO LASSEN BY AUTOMOBILE IS FROM REDDING, FIFTY MILES EAST TO MANZANITA LAKE, WHICH IS BUT FIVE MILES FROM THE CRATER



THE PAGAN ALTAR OF MOUNT SHASTA

LEGENDS OF THE SHASTA TRIBE REVEAL THE RAVINING WITH WHICH THE INDIANS REGARDED THIS GLORIOUS FRONTHOLD OF THE ICE KING, CALIFORNIA'S NORTHERNMOST LANDMARK. FOR SHEER BEAUTY AND IMPRESSIVENESS OF OUTLINE, SHASTA HAS NO SUPERIOR. FIVE LIVING GLACIERS SCULPTURE ITS CONTOUR. SHASTA IS ONE OF A SERIES OF VOLCANIC CONES FORMING A CHAIN OF EXTINCT "FIRE MOUNTAINS" EXTENDING NORTHWARD INTO OREGON.



THE JEWEL OF THE CASCADES

CRATER LAKE IS A JEWEL IN OREGON'S CROWN. BLUER THAN ANY SAPPHIRE, IT GLITTERS WITH AMAZING LUSTER IN THE SUN, AND WHEN ITS SURFACE IS STIRRED BY A BREEZE IT FLASHES LIKE A FACETED GEM IN ITS MOUNTAIN SETTING. IT HAS A SINGULARLY DRAMATIC SITUATION, OCCUPYING THE CRATER OF AN EXTINCT VOLCANO, A MILE AND A HALF ABOVE THE SEA, ITS WALLS IN PLACES TWO HUNDRED FEET HIGH. THE BEAUTY OF THE REGION RIVALS BETTER KNOWN BUT NO MORE ATTRACTIVE NATIONAL PARKS



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 IN THE KLAMATH COUNTRY

MOUNT MCLAUGHLIN, OF THE CASCADES, IN OREGON, FINDS A SNOWY REFLECTION IN UPPER KLAMATH LAKE. BEFORE THE PALEFACE CAME, THE SHORES OF THIS PLACID LAKE WERE THE BATTLE-GROUND IN MANY A MODOC WAR, BUT TODAY WHITE PELICANS FLOAT UPON ITS SURFACE, AND EXCURSION STEAMERS CROSS IT LADEN WITH NATURE LOVERS ON THEIR WAY TO CRATER LAKE AND SPORTSMEN BOUND FOR THE TROUT POOLS OF THE WILLIAMSON RIVER



PORTLAND, THE CITY OF ROSES

From a photograph copyrighted by Weister

QUEEN OF OREGON'S OPULENT EMPIRE, PORTLAND IS A CITY OF CONTENT, FOR NATURE HAS DENIED HER NOTHING IN SCENIC OR SOIL TREASURE. HER THRONE IS A ROSE BOWER, HER PEOPLE PROSPEROUS, HER DOMAIN AN UNFAILING HARVEST; THE MIGHTY WILLAMETTE FLOWS AT HER FEET, MATCHLESS MOUNT HOOD IS HER KINGLY COMPANION; SHE WIELDS AN IMPORTANT COMMERCIAL SCEPTER OVER A REALM OF AGRICULTURAL WEALTH



ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY

NOT ALONE IN ITS GLORY IS THE FAÇADE OF FOAMING WATERS KNOWN AS MULTNOMAH FALLS. SCORES OF OTHERS QUITE AS LOVELY ARE AMONG THE COLUMBIA'S MAGNIFICENT MOVING PICTURES. THE DREAM OF THIS TWO-HUNDRED-MILE HIGHWAY, FROM THE INLAND EMPIRE OF EASTERN OREGON AND EASTERN WASHINGTON AND IDAHO THROUGH THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS AND THE COAST RANGE TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN WAS THE DREAM OF A CENTURY. THE VISION IS SUPERBLY REALIZED



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SUNSET ON THE COLUMBIA

A WATERWAY OF COLOSSAL SIGNIFICANCE IS THE COLUMBIA RIVER, SECOND IN SIZE IN THE UNITED STATES, NAVIGABLE FOR SIXTEEN HUNDRED MILES UNTIL CHECKED BY THE UPPER RAPIDS, AND FOR OCEAN VESSELS AS FAR INLAND AS PORTLAND, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILES. WITH ITS TRIBUTARIES IT DRAINS SO VAST AN AREA IN FIVE ADJOINING STATES AND BRITISH COLUMBIA THAT PORTLAND STANDS SUPREME AS THE LARGEST WHEAT-SHIPPING CENTER IN THE WORLD



From a photograph copyrighted by Gilford.

CASTLE ROCK IN OREGON

CASTLES OLDER THAN ANY UPON THE RHINE, AND A FIFTH OF NORTH DIVISIONS THAN THE DANUBE, LEAVE A "MANSION OF ENDURING CHARM" TO THE COUNTRY SWEEP BY THE COLUMBIA. WITH THE MYSTERY OF THE MOUNTAINS, THE ROCKY BATTLEMENTS THAT RISE UPON THE RIVER'S RIM GIVE A DEFINITIVE ASPECT TO THE HORIZON, BUT THE EVER-ARISING FOREST FRINGE CREEPS JUSTLY TO ITS SIDES, SOFTENING THE SPACES BETWEEN.



A FLY ON THE WALL OF THE WORLD

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER AMID THE MAGNIFICENT SPACES OF THE NORTHWEST HAS HIS OWN MAP OF MATTERHORNS TO CHOOSE FROM. NO CHAIN OF PEAKS ON THE GLOBE CHALLENGES THE COURAGE OR STIMULATES THE AMBITION OF THE REHOLDER MORE KEENLY THAN THE STUPENDOUS PILLARS OF THE OLYMPICS ENCIRCLING WESTERN WASHINGTON. FORESTS AND LAKES DIVERSIFY THE DISTANCES. IN THIS REGION ROAMS THE LARGEST HERD OF UNFENCED ELK IN THE COUNTRY



THE MAJESTIC FALLS OF SHOSHONE

SWINGING IN A TREMENDOUS HALF-CIRCLE ON ITS WAY THROUGH IDAHO TO JOIN THE COLUMBIA, THE GREAT SNAKE RIVER MAKES ITS DEEPEST PLUNGE AT THIS PICTURESQUE POINT. THE GREEN OF ITS MIGHTY WATERS LASHED INTO CLOUDS OF DAZZLING WHITE SPRAY. MORE THAN A MILLION ACRES ALONG ITS LITHELY COURSE ON THE LEVELS ARE IRRIGATED BY THE BUSY TILLERS OF SOIL WHOSE PRODUCTS ARE BORNE TOWARD THE WESTERN MARKETS BY RAIL AND STEAMER.



CONQUERORS OF THE PEAK

SUMMER SUNS OF SEATTLE, TACOMA AND PORTLAND, CLIMBING THE HORIZON, FIND STILL EARLIER CLIMBERS DOTTING THE DIZZY SLOPES OF MOUNTAIN MONOLITHS. EVERY YEAR THE BIG CLUBS OF HARDY MEN AND WOMEN DEVOTED TO THE STRENUOUS SPORT GROW BIGGER AND MORE ENTHUSIASTIC. THIS GLACIER IS REACHED FROM RAINIER NATIONAL PARK. MT. RAINIER IS AN IMPRESSIVE PART OF THE ALPINE CHAIN AROUND PUGET SOUND



"THE MOUNTAIN THAT WAS GOD"

INDIAN LEGEND AND NOMENCLATURE STILL CLING ABOUT THE CLOUD-WRAPPED THIAN OF WASHINGTON, KNOWN NOW TO THE WHITE MAN AS MT. RAINIER, KING OF THE CASCADIAN RANGE. THIS MOUNTAIN IS EVER CROWNED WITH SNOW AT AN ELEVATION OF 14,500 FEET. MOTORING IN MT. RAINIER PARK MEANS MOTORING ON THE MOUNTAIN ITSELF, FOR THE PARK IS LITERALLY THE MOUNTAIN, ITS BOUNDARIES FITTING AROUND THE GRANITE WALLS OF THIS WEATHERED HYALINE.



A FLORAL FAIRYLAND

MEADOWS OF BOTANICAL BEAUTY SPREAD THEIR FLOWERY CARPETS BELOW THE COLOSSUS RAINIER, AND A WILDERNESS OF RARE FERNS AND FOREST GROWTHS DRAPES THE SLOPES AND CLIFFS. HERE ARE THE PEARLY-WHITE BLOOMS OF THE INDIAN BASKET-GRASS, THE DOCTOOTH VIOLETS, THE MOUNTAIN-LOVING LILIES, THE DELICATE ANEMONES, AND COUNTLESS OTHERS, IN A PROCESSION OF VARIETIES AS THE EXPLORER GOES HIGHER AND HIGHER TOWARD TIMBER LINE



UPLAND RIDERS

A LILAC VEIL CLINGS TO RAINIER FROM SOME OF THE PASTORAL VIEWPOINTS THAT REWARD THE RIDER WHO PREFERS THE PATHLESS PLACES TO THE MOTORIST'S HIGHWAY. THE NATIONAL PARK IS CLOSER TO MORE LARGE CITIES AND IS EASIER OF ACCESS THAN ANY OTHER IMPORTANT NATIONAL PLAYGROUND. IT IS A DUPLICATION OF SWITZERLAND'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PART WITH THE SUMMER RAINS LEFT OUT, WITH THE GREAT TREES, THE GREAT SWEEP, THE GREAT FLAVOR OF THE WEST ADDED.



A ROYAL ROADWAY

INTERLAKEN BOULEVARD, SEATTLE'S MOTOR HIGHWAY, SWINGS IN EASY GRADES OVER THE HEIGHTS AND ALONG THE CURVING SHORES OF LAKE WASHINGTON FOR THIRTY MILES, ALWAYS IN SIGHT OF STRETCHES OF WATER, ALWAYS IN SIGHT OF MOUNTAINS, MUCH OF THE TIME IN THE COOL SHADOWS OF VENERABLE TREES. SEATTLE IS THE METROPOLIS OF THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY, AND YEARLY CELEBRATES THE UNIQUE FESTIVAL OF THE GOLDEN POPLAR.



THE FORESTS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

THIS VAST ISLAND HAS BEEN BUT LITTLE RECLAIMED OR SETTLED SINCE ITS DISCOVERY. THERE ARE ONLY TWENTY MILES OF RAILWAY, BUT THE HIGHWAY LEAVES NOTHING TO BE DESIRED FOR SMOOTHNESS OR SCENERY, FROM THE CAPITAL TO THE GREAT STRATHCONA PARK ESTABLISHED BY THE GOVERNMENT. AT A CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE THE ISLAND CAN FURNISH ONE BILLION FEET OF MERCHANTABLE TIMBER FOR A HUNDRED YEARS.



PARLIAMENTARY PALACES IN VICTORIA

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT ESTIMATES THAT ITS JURISDICTION EXTENDS OVER A TERRITORY OF FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND SQUARE MILES. ALONG THE SOUTHERN EDGE OF THIS REMARKABLY RICH REGION LIVES A POPULATION OF SEVERAL HUNDRED THOUSAND SOULS WHERE THERE WILL EVENTUALLY BE MILLIONS. UNTOLD TREASURES IN THE MOUNTAIN-RIMMED INTERIOR AWAIT UNLOCKING BY ADEQUATE TRANSPORTATION. THE APPROACH TO VICTORIA'S INNER HARBOR IS IMPRESSIVE AND BEAUTIFUL



A GLIMPSE OF VANCOUVER'S SKY LINE

FOR PURPOSE AND PERMANENCY THIS VIEW SUGGESTS A CENTURY OF GROWTH. YET TWO DOZEN YEARS ONLY OF PROGRESS ARE REFLECTED BY THE CAMERA, AND THE CITY IS FORGING AHEAD TO ITS COVETED GOAL OF HALF-A-MILLION POPULATION. FROM A CLEARING ON THE FORESTED EDGE OF BURRARD INLET, VANCOUVER HAS SPRUNG TO A YEARLY BUSINESS IN CUSTOMS RECEIPTS OF SIX MILLION DOLLARS. A RAPID METAMORPHOSIS FROM A TIMBER POST FIGHTING TRADE-HAMPERING WOLVES

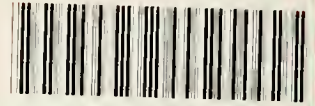


ALASKA IN SUMMER

THE COLUMBIA GLACIER, A WALL OF RESTLESS YET ETERNAL ICE AMID THE VERNAL BEAUTY OF SUMMER IN THE FAR NORTH, SYMBOLIZES THE WORLD'S CONCEPTION OF ALASKA AS A LAND OF PERPETUAL SNOW. BUT HER VEINS DO NOT ALL RUN ICE, THIS DAUGHTER OF THE SNOWS. HER MELTING MOODS ARE TENDERLY EXPRESSED IN VERDURE OF RICH, IF TRANSIENT, EMERALD; IN WILDFLOWERS OF FAIRYLIKE BEAUTY, AND IN VEGETABLE GARDENS THAT DELIGHT THE HOUSEWIFE



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